# THE WEE WIFUKIE;

To which are added,

BRAW JONNY COUP.

AND

RUNDY's SONG IN THE FARMER.

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# The WEE WIFUKIE.

THERE was a wee bit wifukie,
an' ſhe gaed till a fair,
She got a wee bit drapukie,
That coſt her meikle care;
It gaed about the wifie's heart,
an' ſhe was like to ſpew,
An' O! quo' the wee wifukie
I wiſh I be nae fu'.

I wiſh I be nae fu', quoth ſhe,
I wiſh I be nae fu';
O quo' the wee wifukie
I wiſh I be nae fu'.

If Jonny ſee me barley-ſick,
I doubt he'll claw my ſkin;
I'll tak a wee bit napukie,
before that I gae in;
Sae lyin' at a dyke ſide,
taken a wee bit nap:
By came a packman,
we a little pack, Wi' a, &c.

He clipet a' the wifie's locks,
that gowden were an' lang:
He took her pouch an' purſukie,
an' faſt awa' he ran:

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The wifie waken'd in a fright,
her head was light's a flee,
An' O! quo' the wifukie,
this is no me.

When I was bonny Beſſukie,
My locks they were like gowd,
I look's like ony laſſukie
whenever they were cow'd:
An' Jonny was aye tellin' me,
I was right fair to ſee;
But ſomebody's been fellin' me,
for this is no me. for this, &c.

I met wi' kindly companie,
I birl'd my baubie;
If I be bonny Beſſukie,
three placks remain wi' me.
She put her hand down by her ſide,
to find gin it was ſhe,
But neither plack or pouch ſhe had;
O! this is no me. O! this, &c.

I hae a wee bit houſukie,
an' in't a kindly man;
A doggie they ca' Douſſokie,
if it be me he'll fan;

An' a' the bairns about the houſe,
will ken if this be me;
But ſomebody's been fellin' me,
for this is no me. for this, &c.

The night was cauld and dinging wet
an wow but it was mirk,
The little doggie heard a foot,
an' it began to bark;
An' when the doggie barked,
ſhe kent it was na' ſhe,
O weel kens my Douſokie
that this is no me, that this, &c.

When Jonny heard his Beſſy's foot,
faſt to the door he ran:
Cryin', Come awa' my Beſſukie.
It's no me, goodman.
Be kindly to the bairns a',
an' weel may you be:
Fare ye weel, my Jonny lad,
for this is no me. for this, &c.

John ran to the miniſter,
his hair it ſtood on end;
I've got ſic a fright, Sir,
I fear I'll never mend;

My wife's come hame without the head,
cryin' out moſt bitterly,
Fare ye weel my Jonny lad,
for this is no me. for this, &c.

The tale you tell ſeems wondrous ſtrange,
ſeems wondrous ſtrange to me
To think a wife without a head,
could either ſpeak or ſee:
The things that happen hereawa',
are wonderfu' to me
I cou'd amaiſt wi' Beſſy ſay,
'tis neither you nor ſhe. 'tis neither &c

When Jonny came hame again,
his heart was unco fain,
To ſee his bonny Beſſukie,
come till herſel' again;
Sitting on a ſtoolikin,
an' Tibbock on her knee;
Crying, Come away my Jonny lad,
for this is now me, quoth ſhe,
for this is now me;
I got a wee bit napokie,
an' this is now me.

Then Jonny took her in his arms,
his heart was unco glad,

To ſee his bonny Beſſukie
now a' right but the head.
Altho' you've loſt your gowden locks,
your pouch and purſukie,
Come to your bed, my Beſſukie,
an' happy we ſhall be. an' happy, &c.

## JONNY COUP.

COUP ſent a letter frae Dunbar,
Charlie meet me an ye dare,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet wi' me in the morning.
Hey Jonny Coup are ye waking yet,
Or are your drums a beating yet,
If ye were waking I wou'd wait,
To gang to the coals i' the morning.
When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his ſword the ſcabbard from,
Come follow me, my merry merry men,
And we'll meet Jony Coup i' the morning.
Hey Jonny Coup, &c.
Now Jonny be as good as your word,
Come let us try both fire and ſword,
And dinna rin awa' like a frighted bird,
That's chac'd frae its neſt i' the morning,
Hey Jonny Coup, &c.

When Jonny Coup he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiſs,
To hae a horſe in readineſs,
To flee awa' i' the morning,
Hey Jonny Coup, &c.

Fy now Jonny get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes makes a din,
Its beſt to ſleep in a hale ſkin,
For't will be a bluddie morning,
Hey Jonny Coup, &c.

When Jonny Coup to Dunbar came,
They ſpeer'd at him, where's a' your men?
The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning;
Hey Jonny Coup, &c.

Now, Jonny, troth ye was na blate,
To come wi news o' your ain defeat,
And lave your men in ſic a ſtrait,
So early in the morning,
Hey Jonny Coup, &c.

Ah! faith, quo' Jonny, I got a fleg,
Wi' their claymores and philabegs,
If I face them again de'il brake my legs,
So I wiſh you a good morning,
Hey Jonny Coup, &c.

## RUNDY's SONG IN THE FARMER.

A Flaxen headed cow-boy, as ſimple as may be,
And next a merry plough boy, I whiſtl'd o'er the lee;
But now a ſaucy foot-man, I ſtrut in worſted lace,
And ſoon I'll be a buttler, and wag my jolly face!

When ſteward I'm promoted, I'll ſnip a tradeſman's bill,
My maſter's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill;
When lolling in my chariot, ſo great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy that whiſtl'd o'er the lee.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,
I'll ſtand poll for the Parliament, and then vote in myſelf;
Whatever's good for me, Sir, I never will oppoſe,
When all my ayes are ſold off, why then I'll ſell my noes!

I'll bawl, harangue, and paragraph, with ſpeeches charm the ear,
And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll ſet up a Peer;
In court or city honour, ſo great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy that whiſtl'd o'er the lee.

FINIS.